

MONDAY, MARCH 21st,

WILL COMMENCE OUR ANNUAL

GRAND CLEARANCE SALE!

Same to continue through April.

We will devote six floors of our Canal Street building to this sale. All goods will be marked in plain figures on large red tags, at such prices as will insure their ready sale.

These goods will be sold at their prices for cash and on condition that they cannot be returned, exchanged or sent on approval.

This sale positively closes with April.



NELSON, MATTER & CO., 33 to 39 Canal Street.

BILL IN THE WOODS

He Writes From the Primeval Forests of the Northwest.

HIS SENSITIVE SOUL IS TORN

In Search of Health He Visits a Lumberman—Mr. Frankfurter's Cordial Invitation to Him.

IN THE PINET FOREST,

March.
We are now flying through the resinous woods, along a lane of pines so dark and green and slender that there's something about it that is strangely sad but not like the cool shadows of an easy slumber. There's a gentle, soothing lullaby in its graceful, dignified branches and their soft sigh that comes to your worn ears like the well-kempt and soothing side of a well-sodded grave to a man.



AT THE LUMBERMAN'S CAMP.
So has been here for twenty years a superior woman. Dear reader, were you ever married to one of those—man who was your superior in every way and kept the fact at the head of the inn kept to pure reason? This reminds me somehow of Mr. Tabor. If I could have seen Willie in as I would have told him never to marry a superior woman, even though she should "throw open to him the door every avenue of literary success," as a wife did. I know a man once who married a superior woman and he died a madman, and the victor in bed and where he hit it was thinking of a past life.
The falls of Niagara are grand and useful, besides having a worldwide reputation; so are the Brooklyn bridges and the national debt, but I would not even if I could have I am a married man either one of them.
But let us return. We have been for us in the lumber region, I. e., the real column of it. At every little station we are joined by lumbermen, most-foreigners, wearing the picturesque attire of the region. We saw the very Wall of the great region yesterday, once a new lumberman, short, stout, the season, and a pair of woolen hose or stockings, and a pair of

the worst remnants of a big yarn carnival, I judged. They were the most lurid trousers I ever saw. Wherever he went you could almost seem to smell something burning. It was a woolen kilted, which reminded one of a picture of a volcanic eruption executed by an intemperate wagon painter.
Underneath the clothes I have named above he had all the other clothes he had ever owned since he grew up. This gave him a choked and suffocating appearance, and gave rise to the remark in the Scandinavian dialect: "I gort too many pants on. Dat's be-corse I svet so."
The lumberman carries a valise made of a two bushel grain bag fastened together by a top and bottom corner so that he can sling it over his shoulder. In this, I think, he has a pair of heavy kip boots, some edible tobacco and a large bottle of alcohol.
Sometimes the prosperous chopper has a square, black paper mache valise with a toy lock on it. Yesterday two men got on the train at the same time. One of them was a Canuck and the other was a Norwegian. The Canuck had one of these little black bags with the tin lock on it which is exactly like several thousand other little black valises peculiar to the railroad.
"Hole on dar, you Frankfurter!" said the Norwegian man. "You gert my assle dar!"
"No, sare," said the gentleman from San Pierre; "it is impossible."
By that time both men had hold of the handle. They talked broken English back and forth for some time. Then the Norwegian said, "Vort you gort in yours assle?"
The Frenchman told of a few things, such as hair oil, hairbrush, comb, brush, shoes, etc.
The Norwike told what he had, and in the meantime they pulled hard on the bag and the train got a good start. As we crossed a trestle they were both pulled and put to confusion, for the bag burst open and down through the trestle there fell a porous plaster and a big fat bottle of something that thawed great holes in the ice wherever it struck. The bag, it seems, did not belong to either of them.
I spent two weeks in a lumber camp since by advice of my physicians. They said I needed pure air and a good deal of it. Every evening around a big hot fire the choppers from Denmark and Christians would remove nine pairs of hose apiece to dry them by the nice hot stove, and so I went back home where the air was less resinous. I do not care to be too healthy. It makes one look coarse.
St. Paul and Minneapolis are making great calculations on entertaining the delegates to the national convention. They will do it well too. They have a good deal of local pride and the means to sustain their reputation for enterprise.
Possibly this is as good a chance as I will have to say that my name will be presented. I wish to refute now, however, the report that my health is out of repair. I was never in better health, but my name will not be presented. This narrows down the fight to Jerry Bush and a member of the senate who had been featured a beautiful red T-shirt on the close of the session for being neither about now ready. It is

certainly to be hoped, for the good of the party at least, that a man will be selected who has been careful all his life to avoid giving offense—a man who can speak for hours without making a statement.
I met a man yesterday who looked like Ignatius Donnelly. I am told that it was Donnelly. He said that senators ought to be chosen by the popular vote. Orchestra seats in the senate are too high now, he said, considering the character of the entertainment. He said we ought to be more careful, too, in the manner of inviting men to fill important offices. Out in Leadville there was an elderly German whom we will call Mr. Frankfurter, for that was not the name of our hero. He was concerned with Mr. Tabor at the time the big strike was made which turned them into millionaires.
One evening Mr. Frankfurter was prowling around the same old lager beer place where he loved to linger before his prosperity. He was talking with Colonel Yowler, of Beckskin.
"By the way, Frankfurter," says Yowler, "are you going to the big banquet?" He always called it "banquet."
"Vot banquet?" says Frankfurter.
"Why, the banquet up to Tabor's. All the great men of Colorado will be there, and all of the gentlemen of Leadville."
"Py kolly, is dot possible? I got no invite for dot banquet."
"Why, you are a partner of Tabor's, ain't you?"
"Yaw, I was still a partner, but Tabor he has pegged out notions about dot things. He invites no one but chentlemen. You are all right, colonel. By Chinks! you will be the first man I will invite!"
The presidential battle is near enough to the northwest so that the occasional boom of a big gun is heard above the squal of the planning mill, the squeak of the logging sled and the roar of the grist mill.
The presidential campaign costs too much as comes too often, but it has a healthful effect. It has the same effect on the republic that a well agitated eastern pole has in a cistern. It gives it a good oxygenation. The purest water becomes offensive if permitted to stand perfectly stagnant for too long. Let in the light and air and you prevent decay. That is where we have the advantage over a kingdom or an empire. It is said by those who are familiar with foreign potentates, and their methods that there is not a throne in the Old World that is not alive with cockroaches and other bacteria.
That would be impossible in this country. Just as a man gets to think that he and Tammany together can make the axle of the earth incline a little more than it used to something is heard to fall from a great height, and on lightning a candle and scorching a few feathers it is found to be that man.
Word comes to me recently that in rearranging the list of the Four Hundred my name has been overlooked, and there has been considerable carping about it. This makes twice that Mr. McAllister has omitted me out. His only reason for doing this is not that my standing and wealth at present are not all they should be, but because I harbor a coarse

integrity together with a tendency toward trade.
But why should the thoughtless and ill advised toll of my parents be thrown in my face now? Why should I be debarred from leading the march at the Patriarchs' ball or be compelled to eat tea by myself, while up on Fifty-seventh street and Fifth avenue the dreamy measures of a Strauss waltz are floating out at window and the gas mix is running up on Mr. Vanderbilt at such a frightful rate?
Why did I ever tell Mac that my father hauled flour to Galena? I do not know. But it has hurt me with him. I have never been the same. I can see, in his estimation. At the club also one time I asked him what he would have and he ordered a little Sledstad pouy of caraway sirup while I ordered a schooner of beer, for it was a warm day and I was awful dry. I noticed that he did not talk any more—for I am a keen observer—and so I judge that this had something to do with the way I have been treated. At his house once also he passed a porcelain receptacle around while we were smoking, and when he came to me and held it toward me I slipped the ashes of my cigar into it.
I was told afterward that it was a bon-boniere. I wrote him a letter about it afterward, but it was never answered.
At the time I was married I wrote him to attend to the printing and send his bill to me, but he never did it.
My great ambition now is to be his mortgagee and pester him on interest days. If I have got to associate with tradespeople and not have any refined fun, let me tackle my job with a good grace and content myself with being a low workingman with no soul. But it is hard, Mac—it is hard to be driven from your parlors this way. Remember that whatever I am after this, you and Mrs. Dr. Feyer Bergamot have made me. Recollect, Mac, that I gave you the chance to make something of me. You know six years ago that I was living in New York, for I wrote you from the store and told you we were coming there to live. But did you call on me? Not much, you didn't.
You said afterward that it was because you saw me and Marlborough together a good deal, but that was not so, for you and he were pretty thick, too, after that.



NYE AT M'ALLISTER'S.

No, Mac; you take the responsibility when you cast out men like Mr. Depew and me and tell us to go, with the brand of your disapproval on our brows. You will have to answer before a higher court for this, Mac. When you see me in the morgue, Mr. McAllister, with my tired hands crossed over my peaceful breast and a large 200-pound piece of ice on me, remember that once I was pure as the beautiful snow. Remember that so long as I was not absolutely shut out of your set I hung on to my rectitude like a pup to a root; but alas! when society shuts the door on one he lets go all holds, as one may say, and cries out with the poet, "Let the tail go with the hide."
Bill Nye
Neenah and Menasha, Wis.,
Are situated on the Wisconsin Central Lines, at the foot of Lake Winnebago, and like other towns on or near this sheet of water, are very important manufacturing centers. The general government recognizing the value of the location for manufacturing purposes built extensive dams, the lake forming a water head of unfailing capacity, hence there is furnished in water power practically unlimited in its capacity. The famous Menasha water power is the first of the great hydraulic powers, and is made by a ten-foot fall of the river between lakes Winnebago and Buttes des Morts. The water is carried along two canals, one nearly a mile in length and the other one 1700 feet long, which run parallel with the river. On their banks are located the many prosperous manufacturing establishments, including five large paper mills, flour mills, stove works and others too numerous to mention. The Wisconsin Central Lines is the direct route from Chicago and Milwaukee, affording unequalled service.
For tickets, maps, pamphlets and full information apply to A. A. Jack, D. P. A. Wis. Con., Detroit, Mich., or Jas. C. Bond, General Passenger and Ticket Agent, Chicago, Ill.
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Simply apply "SWATKE'S OINTMENT." No internal medicine required. Cures leet, eczema, itch, all eruptions on the face, hands, nose, etc., leaving the skin clear, white and healthy. Its great healing and curative powers are possessed by no other remedy. Ask your druggists for SWATKE'S OINTMENT.
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BEECHAM'S PILLS
CURE
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They ACT LIKE MAGIC on the Vital Organs, restoring long-lost Complexion, bringing back the bare edge of appetite, and arousing with the ROSEBUD OF HEALTH the whole sluggish energy of the human frame. These facts are admitted by thousands, in all classes of society. Largest sale in the world.
Old all druggists. Price 25 cents a box. New York Depot, 25 Canal St.

"With fingers weary and worn,
With eyelids heavy and red,
A woman sat in孤零零ly reaps
Plying her needle and thread,
Stitch! Stitch! Stitch!
In poverty, hunger and dirt,
And still with a voice of dolorous pitch
She sang the song of the shirt!"

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We are the sole agents for the
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The easiest running, stillest running, most perfect working machine in the world.

*"The needle's eye it doth supply
the thread that runs so truly!"*

Our price and manner of selling is within reach of all, high or low, rich or poor. No one need go longer without the best machine made. You can sew seams, gussets, bands, ruffles, tucks and frills. At the same time visit with the rest of the family and be happy.
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But we will do better on goods that we keep,
For everyone knows, unless he is green,
There is nothing compares with the Davis Machine.

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